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SAUCE FOR THE GANDHI

by ROSINE DE BOUNEVIALLE

Last year it was chariots of fire that were heaped on our film going and TV-viewing heads, ostensibly to the honour and glory of the late Harold Abrahams; this year it is the late Mahatma Gandhi who is presented for oscarlatory attention in the halls of cinematic fame: both to the benefit of the British film industry we are told. If these are the stuff of its revival we should certainly consider what we are to pay for such benefaction.

The first extravaganza was less a celluloid memorial of a Jewish runner than a tale to drop the shadow of the "Hollowcaust" over, whilst the second has as its theme the manifest impotence of cruel oppressors — the British Raj — in the face of non-violent disobedience as personified in the saintly Indian ecumenist.

With the best racial will in the world, it was impossible to come away from seeing either film without realizing that *guilt* was the predominant feeling intended to be aroused in British consciences.

Thus, in England, a so-called British industry presented a film which whilst purporting to be concerned with the triumph of England in an Olympic race, turned out to be the story of a Jewish athlete presaging what is now widely known as "the Six-Million-myth". It was a box-office buster, so it was no wonder, that the producing knight, Sir Richard Attenborough decided that the time had come for his long cherished project on Gandhi and the "liberation" of India to see the night of day in a London premiere. The British, it seemed, had grown used-to, and were even comfortable in their backseats in history.

So in this year of disgrace, the same so-called British industry presented England with a film that was described in letters to the Sunday Telegraph as: shocking in "its blatant anti-British prejudice"; likely to cause the Communist East to conclude "that Britain is no whit better than their own Marxist masters in its brutality and oppression"; and, which presented as a hero one "who was no more than an ambitious politician with his eye to the main chance"; that last was the opinion of a contemporary.

It would appear to call for a great deal of superlative photography and expert acting to seduce the national victims into paying to see the condemnation of their race in the absence of any evidence given to its credit. But again the advance publicity merchants had only to do their stuff for it to succeed so well that even Sir Richard Attenborough appeared to be somewhat overwhelmed at the plethora of praise bestowed upon it by the Hollywood moguls; regretting that he hadn't retained a greater "piece" of such a winner and — in his first euphoria — announcing his intention to further its profitable progress by attending an "all White" premiere in — of all places -- South Africa! His very small place in the scheme of "the overlords'" world politics evidently became clearer to him on the morrow when he castigated "The City" for stupidity in not financing his so obviously worthwhile "British" films, and also changed mind without changing colour on the subject of his altered South African rendezvous with *Gandhi.* Now it seems, it will be an Indian audience that will receive the accolade of his presence — that is always supposing the wicked South Africans do not suddenly stick their white toes in and prevent their alleged apartheid Government from allowing this subversive "faction" from being shown there at all. This last is most unlikely to happen. The story of the "saint" whose proverbial non-violence provided the excuse for the liberal "liberation" of the Indian sub-continent to untold bloodshed is just the right "medicine" to provide the same for South Africa so we cannot see the present administration refusing the dose even if some of the population *do* hold their noses while swallowing it.

When we look at who's who in the awards and rewards currently bestowed in public life, it can hardly be a coincidence that the revived British film industry has produced two entertainments that only British masochists could enjoy. After all, who is the newly appointed Chairman of the BBC Board of Governors? Who is the Head of Arms Control in the United States? Personal choice of the President, it is said, regardless of Congressional opposition. And, who is the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris? We in Britain are evidently not alone in our subservient condition we are all in a state of toleration. Messrs Young and Edelman, and Monseigneur

Lustiger are but signs of the times and we must expect them to perform precisely as their appointers expect.

What seems to have occurred to very few is that "the times" have been going on long enough for students of the history of them to gain top marks in a *Mastermind* questionnaire on the subject. And yet . . . and yet . . . who will go so far as to remember all the Viceroys of India or the High Commissioners and Chief Justices in Palestine prior to the end of British rule? — And relate such memories to the increasing ungovernableness of these, our own homelands?

Perhaps Shakespeare had it wrong, and it *is* in our stars that we are underlings.

WORSE THAN HEROD

Many thousands of pious words have been uttered and written about banning the bomb, Cruise missiles, civil defence, human chains, civil disobedience and other shibboleths dear to the half-baked minds of the ugly scarecrows festooned across Greenham Common. But when are we going to read or hear some effort on the part of those people so intent on wearing their consciences on their sleeves as far as defending the defence*less* is concerned?

Every hour of every day innocent little human beings are being cold-bloodedly done to death in hospitals and clinics up and down the land. Recently, the *two* millionth abortion was performed since the passing of the infamous Abortion Act thirteen years ago. "Britain," Professor Hugh McLaren commented, has "become like a slaughterhouse". Here is a real and irrefutable holocaust about which the professional bleeding-hearts should concern themselves. But we have our doubts that they will seek to make accountable for their crimes against humanity the medical butchers, betrayers of their Hippocratic Oath, who have deprived two million-plus unborn babies of their God-given right to life. Altogether different standards prevail for licensed abortionists than apply to the likes of Klaus Barbie.

Loss of respect for innocent life is indicative of a sick and corrupt society. The callous and deplorable law on abortion is the absolute negation of the civilised world's ancient legal codes. The Sumerian Code of our Indo-European ancestors who lived on the Tigris-Euphrates plain — possessors of the oldest legal system in the world — penalised any citizen who would cause an abortion. In the Assyrian Code of 1500 B.C., the foetus is referred to as a human life and a man. As implied above, the original Oath of Hippocrates specifically forbade doctors and surgeons to commit abortions.

The universal and constant theme of legal history is the upholding of the rights and protection of the unborn child. However, modern legislative trends would have us believe that this was all a mistake and a lie.

Candour reader Robert Huxtable had the following first-class letter published in the West Essex Gazette on March 18th:

"The seal hunts that shocked the world for twenty years are finished as the E.E.C. ministers, bowing to public opinion, have agreed on an obligatory ban on the import of baby seal skins as from October 1st.

"The brutality involved in the killing of seals, whales and (to a lesser extent) in fox hunting has rightly aroused the anger of everyone with humane instincts, and the anti-animal cruelty lobby is quite powerful and vociferous.

"Have not people as a whole, however, a false sense of values when, while becoming quite emotional about the slaughter of animals and mammals, remain indifferent to the slaughter of the innocent, unborn but unwanted child by legalised abortion. Since 1967, two million have been aborted, thus out-Heroding Herod in his massacre of the innocents.

"A lot is said about a woman's right to choose. Even if it were her own body it would still be wrong, for we own them in trust for Almighty God. As St. Paul wrote (1 Cor. 6), our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost. However, there is another living life concerned.

"The cases where the life of the mother is in danger are very rare. Most abortions are performed for "social" reasons, some quite trivial."

Read RUSSIA BEFORE AND AFTER 1983, the 50-page text of the speech delivered by the Abbé Georges de Nantes to a packed public meeting in Paris on November 20th. Send £1 for the full English translation of the Abbé's trenchant commentary on the evil threat posed by Soviet Communism to David Boyce Esq., 38 Greenwood Close, Morden, Surrey.

Assist the development of the A. K. Chesterton Academy by making a Covenant to the A. K. Chesterton Trust. Forms are now available from the A.K.C. Trust, c/o Candour Publishing Co., Forest House, Liss Forest, Hampshire.

***Fatima and the Great Conspiracy** by Deirdre Manifold is obtainable, price £3 including postage, from Candour Publishing Co., Forest House, Liss Forest, Hampshire GU33 7DD.

INTOLERANT OF EVIL

This Easter weekend was an historic one for the Nationalist Cause. A group of young nationalists from Britain and several European countries gathered for the Founding Seminar of the A. K. Chesterton Academy. In our February leader "Action on Academy", we mooted the *idea* of running a series of educational courses at Forest House; to our delight the initial response has been most encouraging.

We asked for "your enquiries, suggestions, offers of participation *and* whatever cash you can bear to part with". All of these things were forthcoming in varying degrees. A number of suitable students asked to be considered for a course-place; several very useful contributions included the making and showing of films that simply, but succintly put the Nationalist case on a wide range of subjects i.e. the need for a return to the land, an analysis of industrial decline and the only genuine solution etc; last, but not least, we received several outright donations and various people have pledged regular sums in support of the Academy. This generous financial support has enabled us to purchase essential teaching equipment such as a duplicator, renovation materials and to provide basic facilities for our student guests.

As a result of this gratifying assistance the first seminar was held sooner than we had expected and, we feel, that it was a great success. In order to give our readers a clearer idea of what the Academy is trying to promote, we propose to describe in detail below the sequence of events at the first seminar.

On the evening of Sunday, April 3rd, the new arrivals received an introduction from Rosine de Bounevialle, Editor of *Candour*, and Mr. Robert Eccles, a member of the editorial board of the philosophical magazine *Rising*. Miss de Bounevialle heartily welcomed the students and her talk in part stated that "this is perhaps the most important single initiative in Nationalist circles for many years and must be promoted widely and intensely". Mr. Eccles outlined the problems facing Nationalist groups: organisational weakness, a lack of co-ordination between various national groups, the absence of a thoroughly coherent ideology and a shortage of 'Political Soldiers'. He explained this last point in the following terms: "The Political Soldier is an individual patriot who can promote effectively the Nationalist Cause, no matter what his personal circumstances and no matter what the political situation. This means that he must possess a strong spirituality and sense of commitment, a good grasp of ideological principles and the technical ability to disseminate his views". Following these introductory talks an article of ideological interest was read to the students and a stimulating and constructive debate ensued. The evening was rounded off with a period of fireside folk singing.

The next day opened with a baby-marathon for the energetic! The rest of the morning was taken up with work on the land designed to improve the grounds of the Academy. This hardwork encouraged a spirit of comradeship and the participants were enthusiastic. The academic work began after lunch. The first lecturer spoke on the topic of "Repression of Nationalist groups in Europe". It became clear from the lecture that the orchestrated communist violence, mass media smears and systematic denial of free speech by the State, which British Nationalists know so well, were common denominations throughout Europe; in several countries the anti-Nationalist Repression has gone a great deal further than in Britain. In the discussion that followed, it was agreed that knowledge of the development of Repression provides a salutory lesson for all British Nationalists; the Scouts' motto *"Be Prepared"* is most apposite.

After a short break three brief educational films were shown with introductory talks for each. The final educational seminar was concerned with the technical details of producing propaganda. The students were shown *some* of the many aspects of producing a book; a more in-depth explanation of magazine production was given with students being shown techniques such as mock up, layout and paste up. The last part of this seminar was devoted to a demonstration of how to use a duplicator, and a sample leaflet was produced by the students.

At the end of the day the organisers gave a concluding talk which invited comment from the students on the events of the weekend. Several intelligent contributions were made and it was agreed that the initial session had been both constructive and enjoyable. It ended with every promise of continuation.

With confidence we renew our appeal for your support in *all its aspects*, remembering that NOTHING CAN PROGRESS WITHOUT FINANCIAL AID.

CORRECTION

Reference Candour Vol. XXXIV No. 3. March/April 1983 — article Flaunting Perversion:
For "The Rev. Harry Williamson" read "The Rev. Harry Williams".

THE SCANDAL OF REMOVING EXCHANGE CONTROLS

by P. M. JONES

Any true patriot must feel profoundly disturbed by the accelerating pace of our National decline which, ironically, seems more rapid under the Thatcher regime than any other. One aspect of our present plight and, arguably, one of its principal causes has been the lifting of exchange controls. It is a subject seldom discussed by politicians and always staunchly defended by Tories with a fervour one might expect in supporting Habeas Corpus or the anti-rabies laws.

Exchange controls were enforced for many years under all governments and served to curtail the transference of British funds to foreign countries. Even private individuals were affected, generally by the imposition of a limit on holiday spending, with the result that many found it more agreeable to enjoy their vacations in our own glorious country-side instead of at foreign resorts. Those who were mainly affected were the fortunate few who owned or controlled the capital wealth of this Nation, for they were obliged to invest in British industry when there were more lucrative pickings to be made in the outside world.

One of the first acts of the present Tory regime was to lift the existing exchange controls, thus releasing a flight of sterling out of our country averaging nearly a thousand million pounds a year. It is probable that this was a far greater cause of the near collapse of our manufacturing industries than the so-called recession or the reputed disloyalty of our workforce, which is always portrayed as truculent, avaricious and unproductive. We now harbour, high up in the Establishment, a very favoured section of society who are privileged to dwell in leafy Sussex villages, to work in the tranquillity of the City of London and yet actually earn their living in the sweat-shops and squalor of the developing countries where dividends can be so much higher. Even at the lower end of the social spectrum, there are countless small investors who now prefer to purchase a villa in Spain rather than a new lathe for their factory or an investment home for a needy tenant. Holiday resorts throughout the world prosper on unlimited spending by British tourists while the domestic tourist centres are having a lean time.

Other countries still practise strict controls over the export of their currency. In Australia an individual is prohibited from taking money out of the country in excess of amounts he may have brought in from elsewhere. In South Africa it is a criminal offence for a citizen to remit money out of the country even for compassionate reasons. In Marxist Zimbabwe, as in independent Rhodesia, the currency is conserved with a ruthless ferocity and departing emigrants are allowed to take away only about £500, plus a few personal possessions. It is a saddening sight to see our ex-Rhodesian kinsfolk huddled together in mutual povery on caravan plots in South Africa and Australia while even a British sheep on the Falklands receives more sympathy from established thought in the Mother-land.

Industry Obliterated

The policy of the present Government seems to be that they will continue to obliterate whole tracts of British industry until we can once again learn to manufacture the cheapest and best goods in the world. It has been said that this Tory regime has already destroyed more of our industrial capacity than the combined onslaught of foreign invaders throughout our entire history. What the typical politician seems incapable of understanding is that the British workforce will never willingly cut their living standards to the level of their counterparts in Hong Kong, the Phillipines, Taiwan and Africa, where non-unionised labour commands only a few pounds a week, unless they are either forced so to do (which is unthinkable or persuaded by patriotic leadership to put the National interest first (which is laughable). This writer can vouch from personal experience that in many developing countries it is easy to employ several productive workers for less money than this Government pays one of our un-employed youths just to stay in bed, and we are expected to believe that this is a necessary and desirable state of affairs.

At this stage in our history, there is no political force in sight which could possibly inspire the productive sector of this Nation to exert the necessary effort and sacrifice to overtake our trade rivals overseas. Perhaps the first step would be for society to recognise the vital importance of our manufacturing industries and to correct the imbalance whereby the financial and social rewards of the non-productive sector are so much greater. We all know that there is far more prestige conferred on lawyers, service-men, merchant bankers and civil servants than there is on manufacturers.

At a time when enormous sums of British capital are stoking up the growing industries of the Far East, it is interesting to recall some of the warnings made by Sir Oswald Mosley decades ago when he

predicted that the downfall of our Nation would be brought about by the non-White countries of the Third World. Our industries, he foretold, would collapse under the competition of their cheap goods imported here, while our social order would disintegrate under the pressures of uncontrolled immigration encouraged in a vain bid to prop up our outdated industries with cheap imported labour. We now seem to have arrived at a situation where millions of our citizens, hitherto occupied in productive toil, are being dispossessed of their right to work and rendered socially impotent, while a new financial oligarchy is consolidating its sranglehold on the sinews of our entire society.

It is not difficult to understand why the Tory Establishment should find it expedient to reinforce the stranglehold of the Financial Power by removing exchange controls. By fortifying the authority of the financial masters (our real rulers) they, the Tories (their political puppets), can remain in office indefinitely. The unthinking and unknowing public are unlikely to show concern about our National treasure flowing out by the back door so long as their patriotic instincts can occasionally be stirred by the sterling efforts of our Armed Forces in recovering some barren islands from the clutches of a rickety dictatorship.

Illogical Justification

Any proponent of currency controls who dares to question the wisdom of relaxing them will generally find that the principal argument in favour of abolishing them is that capital should be free to find its highest returns anywhere in the world. This has the effect of conferring a unique privilege on the wealthy minority, to say nothing of the damage caused to investment-starved industry at home. For if a British workman wishes to obtain a higher reward for *his* assets (in his case his labour) — or, as far as the unemployed are concerned, any reward at all — then his only alternative is to uproot his family and leave his homeland for ever in order to transfer his skills and, ultimately, his bones, to some distant industrial outpost like Lusaka.

It should be remembered that the days have gone when Britons could go overseas to work for part of their lives and then return with sufficient capital to set up a business because in most cases they are forbidden to repatriate their funds as a result of exchange controls enforced by the host countries. By the same reasoning, a fair-minded society ought to compel an overseas investor to accompany his flight-capital to foreign countries and to live out his life in inhospitable suburbs of Seoul or Singapore if he feels that he can obtain higher dividends than in Rochdale or Hartlepool.

Any concerned Patriot would do well to challenge politicians on this seldom-discussed abuse and find out just why this Tory Government found it expedient to remove these monetary controls which had been in force for so very long and which are still rigidly enforced by many other advanced nations. Could it be, perhaps, that they are subservient to interests which are not in the best interests of this Kingdom — in effect, guilty of treason?

ECUMANIACAL EXTENSIONS

Sikh, and shall ye find
The temple ready-made,
Abandoned by the Christian blind.
Weak, the will and mind;
The Call to Christ displayed,
'Neath Mitre, a diluted kind.
Meek, so much inclined —
Inheritance degrade
To dust, before each whistle — wind.

B. E. BIGGS.

This poem was inspired by a report in the *Hampshire Chronicle* on March 11th that the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. John Taylor, had given his blessing to the sale of the redundant St. Luke's Church in Southampton for use as a Sikh temple.

Dr. Taylor was joined in March on the ecumaniacal bandwagon by another clergyman with Sikhs-appeal. Mgr. Peter O'Dowd, Chairman of the Governors of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Comprehensive School in Leicester was reported in the *Catholic Herald* as agreeing "on Christian grounds" to give a permanent place to Davinder Singh, a Sikh youth who was ejected from another Leicester school for wearing the ferocious-looking dagger which baptised Sikhs claim they must wear. (Any British youth having the nerve to strut around in public brandishing a dagger, of course, would be arrested immediately for carrying an offensive weapon.) How curious — we were always under the impression that Catholic schools were intended for *Catholics*, just as Jewish schools in North London admit only Jews. Presumably, we are supposed to accept that the equally curious fact of Dr. Kartar Singh Sandhu, Chairman of Leicester's Sikh Education Committee, being a teacher at St. Paul's "Catholic" School has nothing whatsoever to do with Mgr. O'Dowd's idiosyncratic admissions policy! The evidence is rapidly accumulating that the Churches are riddled with clergy who, sickeningly, seem to prefer every heathen faith and culture to their own.

UNENDED BATTLE

by HUGH McNEILE

A SERIES OF TRUMPET CALLS

1957 saw the League of Empire Loyalists busy itself sounding what A. K. Chesterton called "a series of trumpet calls". They were designed to grab the attention — and, hopefully, the services — of likely recruits for the League's activist elite. The first blast came shortly after the Lewisham by-election, when the new Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan, addressed three thousand of the Tory faithful at the de Montford Hall in Leicester

"Stop! Stop the meeting!" came the dramatic and authoritative call from a distinguished looking man near the front of the hall a minute or two after Macmillan had embarked on his speech. Looking down, the Prime Minister saw the man stoop to examine a woman who lay, apparently unconscious, at his feet. A moment later the man arose to announce his diagnosis.

"This patient," said the "doctor", "is in a fit because of the Government's policies of betrayal of this country." There was an angry roar from the Tory throng, but is it died away the "patient" leapt to her feet.

"I confirm that diagnosis," she declared. "Join the League of Empire Loyalists and fight to keep Britain great." Uproar followed as the "patient" — *Candour's* present-day Editor, Rosine de Bounevialle — was escorted from the hall by stewards. The minute-long stunt, which had taken a month to plan, secured the usual wide publicity.

Merciless Barrage

In the following months members of the Government, particularly Macmillan, were subjected to a merciless barrage of League heckling. Tickets for meetings were usually obtained from Tory sympathisers or by Loyalists who had relatives or contacts in the party. In April, Selwyn Lloyd found himself faced with Leslie Greene's continuous interjections at a NATO exhibition in Canterbury. Lord Hailsham's address to the annual meeting of the Primrose League on May 3rd was reduced to pandemonium by Loyalist shouts. Stringent security precautions were taken at Harold Macmillan's meetings to exclude League members, but at a Conservative women's conference at the Royal Albert Hall in May, Leslie Greene appeared in full voice and literally had to be carried from the hall. Two months later, the Prime Minister was heckled at the Central Hall, Westminster, over his support for the newly-established Common Market and the prospect of Britain's membership. (Mosleyite hecklers were there, too, to rebuke him for a *lack* of Euro-enthusiasm!) Even on Bedford Football Club's ground Macmillan could not escape the League's attention for at a rally on July 31st two banner-wielding Loyalists invaded the pitch. The dripping wet Tory peer, Lord Altrincham, had his face publicly slapped by the diminutive Phil Burbidge for having written an article attacking the Queen. Pictures of "that slap", as it became known, filled the front pages of all the dailies and were wired to newspapers in places as far apart as New York, Durban and Hong Kong.

Loyalist appearances were becoming a regular feature at the Conservative Party's annual conference. At Brighton on October 12th Lord Hailsham brought the morning session to an end by ringing a hand-bell above his head and shouting that it tolled for the Labour Party. At the side of the hall, behind a long curtain and therefore probably unknown to Hailsham and the four thousand Tory delegates, was another bell. This was no tinkling hand-bell — rather, it was a truly majestic clapper affair used during ice hockey matches in the stadium. No sooner had Macmillan started his speech in the afternoon than the great bell behind the curtain began to boom.

The London evening newspaper, The Star, headlined its front-page lead-story that night: "THE BRIGHTON BELLS TOLL". So loud was the invisible bell that the Prime Minister could not be heard, it reported. "Clang, clang, clang, tolled the bell. Then it was joined by a voice from an equally invisible point: 'The League of Empire Loyalists tolls the bell for the Conservative Party!'"

Macmillan, disconcerted, stopped speaking. Half the audience stood up, looking towards the long curtain. The stewards, startled and incredulous, collected what wits they had and began to move in that direction. There was a general sense of debacle. The bell-ringer — Rosine de Bounevialle — was grabbed by about sixteen stewards, removed from the hall and sent reeling down some stairs. A similar number closed in on John Bean, who had been using the amplifier, and he was given a kicking. Throughout the uproar, Macmillan stood silent and bedazed. Two gallant Loyalists had managed to create chaos for the four thousand Tories.

This swash-buckling approach to the Conservative Party drew criticism from within the League, some members arguing that the movement would fare

better if it were to woo the Tory rank-and-file. A. K. Chesterton had little patience with such views. Conservatives, he wrote, had to be 'taken violently in hand and shaken into an awareness" of how their party was committing a betrayal of their country and their kinsmen overseas. He did not see the differences between the League and the Tory leadership as a mere matter of opinion requiring the tactics of the debating society. Were it to act in such a manner that "no eye-brows are raised at the mention of our name", the movement would make no impression at all. Politics was perceived not so much as "Rab" Butler's "the art of the possible" as an unending battle to secure the apparently *im*possible. There was a constant recourse in A. K.'s writings and speeches to martial phrases. Loyalists "bombarded enemy positions". League activists were "warriors infused with a warrior's purpose and invested with a warrior's dignity". Roy Campbell's lines from his *Mithraic Emblems* were quoted approvingly:

So horneted with strident wings
To his own trumpet peel and drum
The toreadoring sylph will come,
And anger is the sword he brings.

Increasing Ferocity

A. K. Chesterton and the League wielded their sword of anger against Harold Macmillan with increasing ferocity in 1958, A. K. loathed this "complete cosmopolitan" more than he had Churchill or Eden. The Prime Minister was selling British interests "down almost all the rivers of the world" and deserved to be impreached. *Candour* did nothing if it did not incite to action, so Macmillan had to contend with such surprises as Loyalists bursting out into a meeting having hidden for three hours under the platform, and appearing behind him on television cameras while addressing a luncheon at the Dorchester in honour of the U.N. Secretary-General. Rosine de Bounevialle dressed as an Indian woman — complete with burnt cork make-up — and stood up to announce at a Tory rally: "Indian Empire Loyalists say you must go." With Don Griffin's help, Rosine also interrupted Macmillan in Parliament. At Tory fetes he was given no peace. Loyalists in Bromley disconnected his microphone and began broadcasting their own message, having infiltrated the fete in a van bearing "God Bless Macmillan" posters! Here, Tory patiences snapped, for Chris McCanlis was beaten and manhandled out by ten savage stewards, while enraged Tory matrons lunged at him with their umbrellas. A disapproving *Daily Telegraph* editorial chastised the League for pursuing "politics by ballyhoo" and reminded Loyalists that the suffragettes had gained votes for women not by their disorderly tactics but by their "magnificent behaviour" in World War One. A.K. hit back in reply that as the normal media organs of publicity were closed to the League, such audacious means of making its protests heard had to be employed.

The League pulled off a number of exploits at this time which did not concern the Tories directly. One was its successful, although illegal, incursion into television, when a mystery voice, heard over a large part of London, broke into an evening broadcast to attack as treasonable the decision by the Government to integrate our fighting forces with those of other NATO countries. During a BBC weather forecast following the news, the "pirate" spokesman his full-bodied purr sounded *very* similar to A.K.'s!) wittily observed that 'an anti-British cyclone has moved from Paris [where the NATO conference was held] to envelop the Western world and cause deep depression in the United Kingdom. Ensure fair weather by joining the League of Empire Loyalists." Post Office engineers failed to locate the transmitter, thinking it was concealed in a moving can. In fact, it was positioned in a room on the top floor of a Kensington boarding house. A female Loyalist who had better remain anonymous for a reason that will be evident in a moment) had rented the "room at the top" on the pretext of being claustrophobic. At a number of other lodging houses she had been refused a single room — the landladies thought she was a prostitute looking for new premises from which to sell her wares!

A brilliantly executed stunt, which showed the League in its top form, took place in July 1958 when two bearded members disguised as bishops carried the L.E.L.'s protest against an invitation to the Cypriot terrorist Archbishop Makarios to attend the Lambeth Conference right into the heart of it. In dress hired from theatrical costumiers, they secured entrance to the packed library of Lambeth Palace where three hundred bishops were gathered for talks. With his full beard, Austen Brooks looked the image of an Orthodox cleric and nobody noticed that anything was other than it should be. As the assembly waited for the Archbishop of Canterbury, Austen got up and declared: "My lord bishops, the Empire Loyalists ask you to protest against the invitation to the Arch-terrorist Makarios to visit this country." A considerable number of the bishops murmered and tapped the tables in approval. He bowed, thanked them, and left. They recovered from their astonishment in time to prevent his accomplice, Barry Lowe, adding to his message.

Next issue: **THE LEAGUE CAMPAIGNS IN AFRICA.**

CHALLENGE TO A NIGHTMARE

The hidden mechanisms of world power politics, in all their Machiaevellian subtlety, are revealed in a book newly available from Ireland.* Mrs. Deirdre Manifold, from Galway, has written a 128-page study of the peculiar connections between the two world wars, the depression in between, all the local no-win wars ever since, and the rampant inflation and unemployment afflicting the West. In delving behind the scenes and looking at the evidence in areas of history that scholars have ignored for a long time as a serious subject for study, she has presented an unchallengeable case that there exists a drive for world power, with tentacles in both the Kremlin and Wall Street.

However, the conspiracy has its roots as far back as the sixteenth century. "I have traced the seeds of errors which Russia is spreading back to the Reformation," writes Mrs. Manifold, "and I have described the source of Russian power, which is the financial and technological support she is getting from Big Business in the West." With the relentless logic of her arguments, she leaves the reader with no reasonable doubt that the drastic programme beginning with Henry VIII's seizure of Church property and the troubles and disasters that followed in its wake were systematically engineered by figures with an insatiable thirst for power. Roosevelt's observation that whenever anything happens in politics, you may bet that it was planned that way, is quoted approvingly. Two great turning points in the history of man that reinforced the despotic power established in the Reformation are described in turn: the creation of the Bank of England and the founding of Weishaupt's Illuminati in Bavaria in 1776. The former, by sleight of hand, secured control of the coin of the realm into private hands and the latter used that control and all disparate groups for the one purpose of formenting world unrest.

Those who have read either little or nothing of the Message of Fatima might doubt its relevance to Mrs. Manifold's thesis of a global conspiracy. They could not be further from the truth. In 1917, when Communism was but a word, the meaning of which very few people knew, Our Lady appeared to three small children at Fatima in Portugal. There, during a number of visits, she prophesied the outbreak of another European war and the spread of Communism by means of Russia formenting wars and persecuting the Church. She appealed for prayers and penance and sacrifice by the faithful. Otherwise, the Blessed Virgin warned that Russia would spread her errors throughout the world and various nations would be annihilated. If people did but know and understand the Fatima Message, and clubbed together to spread it far and wide, they could loose an avalanche of good that would conquer the nightmare evil that, in the guise of Communism, is imposing a slavery the kind of which the world has never before known. The author makes an appeal, too for the collegial consecration of Russia to the Immaculate Heart by the Pope with all the bishops.

Mrs. Manifold goes on to argue that it is vitally necessary to study those Papal encyclicals that hold the answer to major social problems. There are Pope Leo XIII's *Quod Apostolici Muneris* and Pope Pius XI's *Divini Redemptoris*, which expose and deplore the Communist conspiracy to "carry out the purpose, long resolved upon, of uprooting the foundations of civilised society at large." These same two Popes wrote encyclicals on the condition of the working classes, *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*, which also merit attention as condemnations of the capitalist social system under which working men "have been surrendered, isolated and helpless, to the hard-heartedness of employers and the greed of unchecked competition." From there on is a long list of encyclicals on all the social problems of the day which deserve study, including Pope Leo XIII's *Humanum Genus* on the dangers of Freemasonry.

Deidre Manifold is not satisfied simply with imparting knowledge — her book calls all its readers to action. As Fr. Nash's review in the Irish *Sunday Press* put it: "She raises her voice to insist that a challenge lies before us, which we cannot ignore with impunity."

NATIONAL DEMOCRAT is the new anti-egalitarian journal edited by Michael Walker. Issue 3 ("The Chaos of Modern Art") is now available, price 63p. including postage from 21 Kensington Park Road, London W.11.

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